

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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LONDON

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Yevonde

Commandant of the W.R.N.S.: H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent

As Commandant of the Women's Royal Naval Service the Duchess of Kent spends much of her time visiting the various branches of the Service, and inspecting units throughout the country. She has many other activities besides. In 1940, after a three months' course at University College Hospital, she qualified as a V.A.D. nurse, and two years later became President of the hospital in succession to her husband, the late Duke of Kent. Her interests are many, and Royal Naval charities, children's hospitals and clubs for the Forces are amongst the many organizations which receive frequent visits from Her Royal Highness. Not long ago the Duchess made an official visit to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, inspecting the society's headquarters, and meeting the personnel. Between her public engagements she puts in as much time as possible with her family, and recently visited the hotel in Cornwall where the Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael were on holiday: the two elder children were receiving treatment for hay fever.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Waiting

THERE is always a tendency towards public anxiety when military developments do not unfold in plain and straightforward fashion. We have seen it once more in relation to the Italian campaign, particularly in the case of the Anzio bridgehead. The landing at Nettuno came as a pleasant surprise, and most people have been unable to understand why it was not exploited to greater advantage. From this distance the armchair strategists have been able to conceive innumerable ways and means by which General Alexander could have obtained quicker and better results. But General Alexander has not yet shown himself to be deficient in judgment of military events, either in France, in Burma or in the Western Desert. It can be presumed, therefore, that the situation at Anzio is within his control. It may be that he has another surprise for us.

Opposition

ONCE more there is the criticism that the Allied planning is too rigid, and that our commanders are inclined to adhere too strictly to their time-tables. There may be something in this criticism, but against it must be offset the fact that modern invasion demands the most detailed organization. So many things must be dovetailed to make the whole operation complete. The landing at Nettuno was completed to the apparent surprise of the Germans. The bridgehead was widened and deepened without any great opposition. All the requirements needed by landing forces were supplied on time by the Navy.

Then came what has since become to many the inexplicable pause. There was no dramatic drive towards Rome as most people seemed to expect. The necessity for quick action was thrust on Field Marshal von Kesselring. By

what efforts we cannot at this time know, he managed to collect the elements of four divisions in front of the bridgehead. Some of the troops appear to have come from France. This indicates that the Germans must be desperate in their defence strategy. They never know where the strongest invading blow will fall. If General Alexander allowed Kesselring to do this deliberately he must have had good reason. Therefore it would be right to judge the Nettuno landing as part of an integrated plan and not as an isolated action launched merely for the sake of reaching Rome.

Missed

IN the period of this pause there is no doubt that the public has missed the voice of the Prime Minister. A war review by Mr. Churchill would have filled the gap and diverted much of the unnecessary criticism. But probably Mr. Churchill is in the same position as General Alexander. He does not want to prejudice a situation which has been carefully planned and is in course of integration. In any case, it has not been Mr. Churchill's custom to speak until he has been in a position to draw conclusions from a definite war phase. Obviously this time has not been reached yet. All the same, Mr. Churchill's failure to speak shows quite clearly how strong is his hold on the public mind and how real is his leadership.

Contract

GENERAL MONTGOMERY has visited some of the troops in this country in a special train which has flashed unrecognized through large and small railway stations carrying members of his immediate staff. He believes in personal contact between himself and the rank and file, and in the use of inspiring words. To one gathering of troops a fortnight ago, he said: "This war began a long while ago. I'm

getting fed up with the thing, I think it is nearly time we finished it." The general believes also in the personal touch. "I want you men to know that I never put an army into battle until I am quite certain it is going to be a good show. We won't have any question of any failure. If there is any question, we won't start."

This has certainly been General Montgomery's policy in the past. Those who have fought with him and won battles know it only too well. But many people don't like to hear generals talking at all. They expect them to be silent, except in private. But success comes to the man who possesses all the qualities of leadership. None can take away from General Montgomery his past successes. The great Clausewitz always held that war is the continuation of politics, and if the successful politician is the man with the common touch then General Montgomery qualified for the double role of soldier and politician when he told his soldier audience: "We must make a great effort to finish it (the war) off this year. . . . You and I will see this thing through together."

Candidate

MR. HENRY WALLACE, Vice-President of the United States, has given his personal opinion that Mr. Roosevelt will stand for a fourth term. This is the nearest thing we have yet had to a direct hint. Mr. Wallace ought to know, if only for the fact that this time he may not be invited to share the campaign with President Roosevelt. The campaign managers appear to think that Mr. Wallace's progressive views might be a handicap. I thought that Lord Halifax was admirably diplomatic when in Washington he was asked by the correspondent of an American magazine: "What is the British attitude towards the Presidential election?" "We shall," replied Lord Halifax, "keep right out of it, and I hope no one over here will try to drag us in."

Candour

LORD HALIFAX was asked at the same time a number of somewhat embarrassing questions by this American correspondent, who, like the rest of his compatriots, believes in the cleansing virtues of candour. "Is it true," he asked, "that British and Americans do not



Naval Officers in Conference

Rear-Admiral Troubridge (right) was senior officer of the British naval forces supporting the 5th Army landings at Anzio during the opening stages of the battle for Rome. He is seen above talking to Capt. J. P. Gornall and Rear-Admiral J. M. Mansfield.



Presentation to a Spitfire Squadron

Sir Roger Lumley, formerly Governor of Bombay, recently presented the official crest to a Bombay squadron of Spitfires at a R.A.F. station in the South of England. G/Capt. J. Rankin, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, and S/Ldr. A. C. Stewart admired it after the ceremony.

get along together?" Lord Halifax's reply had more of a domestic than an ambassadorial touch. "If they do not, it is not because they are British and Americans, but for the same reason that husbands and wives do not always get along." When asked for a recipe to increase Anglo-American understanding, the ambassador wisely said that we should rid ourselves of prejudices and hackneyed ideas that have piled up over the years.

Search

THE Americans are much more deeply interested in self-analysis than we are in this country, and on the whole the results of their efforts can be most refreshing. The *Daily Express* published the other day some of the occasional writings of Mr. David Gibson, a newspaper publisher of renown in Ohio. On aspects of the Anglo-American alliance discussion he has declared that each is superior to the other in particular regards and we can learn from each other. He asserts that America is superior to England in industry, "but England is our parent country and much of the invention to industry, its system, general and cost accounting, originated in England."

Mr. Gibson also said that England is superior to America in her elementary educational system, which is topical now that the latest education reforms are on their way to Parliament. Finally, Mr. Gibson said that England is superior in the matter of Government, and that the English carry their liquor better than any nation on earth. In return the British can say that the Americans are the most hospitable people on earth and the most natural. It remains a fact that we are not given to public self-analysis, but this need not prevent our closer understanding and the ridance, as Lord Halifax suggested, of old prejudices.

Tradition

LORD HARTINGTON is not going to have an easy task in maintaining his family's tradition of representing West Derbyshire in the House of Commons. There are many advantages in his favour, but there are others against him. The Brighton result was not exactly a bouquet for the Government. It showed that



Watching Middle East Battle Exercises

Gen. Sir Bernard Paget, who succeeded Gen. Sir H. M. Wilson as C.-in-C. Middle East, watched a battle exercise in progress east of Cairo. With him was Sgt. Stewart, of an Anti-Tank unit, R.A., and Brig. Mathews, Director of Military Training in the Middle East.



Eighth Army Commander Visits His Troops in Italy

Visiting an artillery regiment outside Ortona, Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Commander of the Eighth Army, and General Vokes had a rest by the way. Gen. Leese previously commanded the 30th Corps under Gen. Montgomery from El Alamein to the end of the Tunisian campaign, and later in Sicily.



R.A.F. Notabilities

Photographed together somewhere in the Middle East were A/Cdre. H. George, Air Attaché at Ankara, and Air Vice-Marshal H. E. P. Wigglesworth, who is senior air staff officer in the Middle East.

Independents can win substantial reward even under Mr. Churchill's heaviest frown. West Derbyshire is something akin to the Skipton (not Ripon, as I inadvertently mentioned in this column on January 26) division of Yorkshire. The result may not necessarily go against the Government, but it is certain to be very close. The sudden nomination of Mr. Robert Goodall, a twenty-seven-year-old farm bailiff, has dramatized the contest. Mr. Goodall does not intend to make more than one election speech, and therefore may not command more than a few votes. But when there is a powerful candidate of the type of Mr. Whyte, who has fought a constituency before for the Labour Party, and is now acting independently, anything may happen. Mr. Goodall's small number of votes may decide the issue more to the detriment of Lord Hartington than Mr. Whyte.

Demobilization

MORE boldly than any other party, the Liberal Party has declared its views on demobilization. A special committee has urged that the Government policy of "first in first out" will not work. All Service men must be demobilized as quickly as possible, and the Liberals suggest it should be done by units, assuming that the Far Eastern conflict is not of prolonged duration. Carefully avoiding any hurt to American feelings, the Liberals also suggest the recruitment of a professional army immediately on the basis of considerably improved conditions of pay and service, and with a higher degree of marriage on the strength. This is a nonsensical suggestion in the middle of war. Obviously the Government have their own plans, laid down a long time ago, and the Liberal idea can never be anything more than a cry from the wilderness.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

More About Tosh

By James Agate

WITH your permission, dear readers, I shall return to the question of tosh in the cinema. You may remember that I explained its popularity in the way Charles II accounted for the popularity of a bad preacher—"I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense." On thinking more of the matter I have come to the conclusion that I like film nonsense provided it is about things in which I have no serious interest, but that I hate it in connection with things which to me are serious. I happen to take Liszt's piano playing seriously. I happen to take grand opera seriously. And, if you insist, the world-famous opera house in Paris I take also seriously. Moronic monkeyings with any or all of these merely annoy me. Now I do not take Tarzan seriously; in fact, I should be excessively bored if anybody started to make a serious picture of Edgar Rice Burroughs's noble if improbable savage and the impact of our tawdry civilization with its night clubs and swing bands upon that natural, unspoilt mind.

I HAVE therefore nothing but praise for *Tarzan's Desert Mystery* (Tivoli). The best actor in this is Cheta, a delightful chimpanzee whose writhings and mouthings outdo any torch-singer I have ever seen. At the least hint of any discomfiture overtaking any of the humans with whom she is surrounded, Cheta ties herself into knots and bounces up and down like a ball in a way that is wholly delectable. Hear Miss Nancy Kelly, a music-hall artist of sorts, addressing a crowd of nondescript Africans: "Would you like to see a chimpanzee with a human mind turn a double somersault?" And one agrees that Cheta is infinitely more interesting to watch than a modern tap-dancer with the mind of a chimpanzee. Next in order I should put an extremely

intelligent horse, then a small boy, then Miss Kelly, and finally Tarzan.

THERE is even a moment when this film lapses into wit. Three bandits, discovering Miss Kelly taking her ease in an oasis surrounded by a conjuror's outfit, demand to be shown the trick known as *Sawing Through a Woman*. Says the bandit who possesses a smattering of English and pointing to an evil-looking fellow with a patch over one eye: "Mustapha, he burdened with three wives. He want you teach him trick so he may perform it on two of his wives *with failure*, which will make the third more reasonable." Miss Kelly obliges and is interrupted in the middle of her demonstration by Tarzan who imagines she is being made the object of some unpardonable pleasantry. . . . Tarzan is still played by Johnny Weissmuller, who is getting to look a little too like one of those elderly bishops one is said to encounter in Turkish baths. In plain English he is getting too fat. In addition to which the Weissmuller pan has now assumed a domesticity which ill accords with this film's romanticism, and after a time becomes a little trying. There is a complicated plot about Nazi agents about which I don't propose to bother, except to say that it does not prevent the film from being delightful. It is intended to be nonsense, and is nonsense every minute of the way.

EXACTLY the same argument applies to *In Old Oklahoma* (Regai). I have not the slightest desire to see a serious picture about the finding of oil in Oklahoma in the days of the *Merry Widow*. I once saw a serious picture about the rise of an American town, based on a novel by Edna Ferber. The novel was inter-

minable and the serious picture was interminable, and the fact that it was good American history did nothing to mitigate the dullness. It is quite right, in my view, that pictures about Oklahoma should be romantic and centre in some piece of exquisitely-gowned femininity delicately picking her way along some half-made dirt-track, entering a saloon and shedding fragrance upon its unkempt, unwashed occupants. The town in the present picture having finished constructing itself, for "saloon" one should perhaps read "hotel." It may be, too, that I am a little shaky in my knowledge of American history. Until I saw this picture I had not thought that less than forty years ago there were still bands of Indians able to form themselves into an army against anybody who should endeavour to get the better of them in a deal.

I THINK what I liked best about this picture was the plot, which seemed to be the Least Common Multiple or Greatest Common Measure—I can never remember which—of all plots on the subject of oil in Oklahoma, gold in Aurizona, diamonds in Teclavania or anything anywhere—the lay-out is the same and immemorial. The overdressed ninny must be fought for by the Strong Bad Man anxious to do the Indians, or whatever race the natives belong to, out of their land, and the Strong Good Man who will see the other fellow scalped first.

AGAIN my knowledge of history may be at fault. But did President Teddy Roosevelt have the time to adjudicate between the claims of rival companies? Perhaps he was capable of deciding in favour of the Strong Good Man because the young fellow had been Teddy's sergeant in Spain or Mexico or somewhere? Perhaps he would have given the young man four months in which to deliver 10,000 gallons of oil, failing which the concession was to go to the nasty fellow? Yes, if the President could have foreseen the pictures and realized what a grand basis for cinema-drama such a stipulation must make, how the bad man blows up the other fellow's plant with dynamite, and so on and so forth. In the present case many difficulties have been overcome before the oil wagons are finally loaded, and the calculation is made that if the four-in-hands can be galloped fifty miles at a stretch—which all American film-horses are bred to do—the conditions of the contract will be fulfilled with a minute or so to spare. In the present case the train of wagons has to pass through a prairie fire, carefully arranged by the nasty fellow. This the train does, losing half its number through wagons catching fire, explosions and so forth. On and on the train careers, the drivers having Jehu, Ben Hur and Boadicea beaten to a frazzle. Owing to the breaking of axle-trees, bumps in the road and other devices of the director, the train suffers further losses by attrition amounting to another fifty per cent. Finally, one-tenth of the original number of wagons arrives. Now if in fact this tenth does hold the stipulated 10,000 gallons, it follows that the train when it set out must have contained 100,000 gallons! Only a highbrow critic would ask why an earlier start was not made with the smaller amount, thus saving much loss of oil, not to mention life. Yes, this is just the kind of glorious nonsense which in the cinema suits my nonsense. I like the fighting and the love-making, the second of which takes place throughout to the strains of "Put your arms around me, hold me tight." Only a highbrow musical critic would feel weariness at one hundred and one minutes of this glutinous melody. After all, it could have been worse. One might have had to listen to "Ice Cold Katy" or even "Pistol Packing Momma."



John Wayne and Martha Scott Co-Star in "In Old Oklahoma"

Based on Thomas Burtis's story "War of the Wildcats" "In Old Oklahoma" is the story of the development by the white man of the oil-rich Indian territory. Running through the story is the romance of honest cowboy Dan (John Wayne) and ex-school teacher Cathy (Martha Scott) with third party complications in the form of the successful but unscrupulous oil operator Jim (Albert Dekker). The three stars are on the right, above



The Lodger (Laird Cregar) arrives at the Langleys' lodging house and books a room for a month. He explains that he is a doctor who requires peace and quiet for his experiments

Murder Most Foul

The Macabre Mysteries
Of "The Lodger" Revived

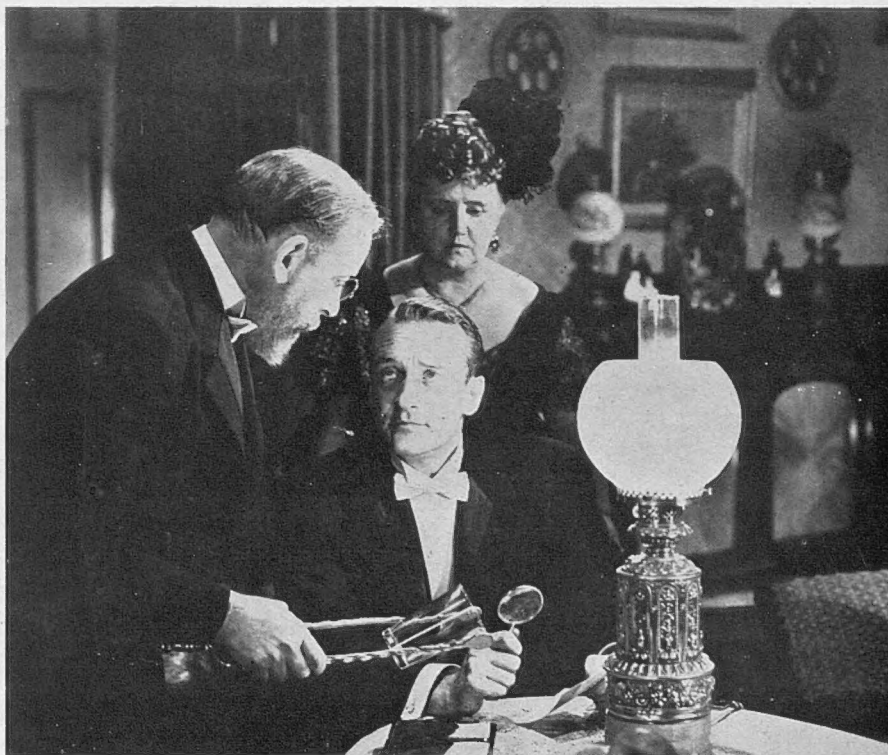
Twentieth Century film *The Lodger* is based on the well-known mystery novel by Marie Belloc-Lowndes. It is the story of a mysterious "doctor," of a little black bag, of murdered women and of a detective's search for a man known to the police as "the Avenger." The film is of note in that it gives Merle Oberon her first opportunity to show her leg to good effect. As a Whitechapel music hall entertainer she sings as well as dances. She takes her part seriously. For four weeks she rehearsed daily in order to learn to toss her skirts correctly



The Langleys' niece, Kitty (Merle Oberon), is an actress who is making her way in a big stage show in Whitechapel. Kitty asks the Lodger to her first night and at the end of the show learns of his lust to kill. Kitty is more fortunate than the Lodger's earlier victims. Her cries are heard and the Lodger, cornered, plunges to his death in the waters of the Thames



Proud of their niece's success, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Langley (Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood) dress up in honour of their visit to the theatre



Before they leave, however, they are interrupted by John Warwick (George Sanders), Scotland Yard detective who has a warrant to search the Lodger's rooms. Together they go to his rooms and find all the evidence they need to prove that the Lodger is none other than "the Avenger"

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Cradle Song (Apollo)

As its title suggests, this gentle play from the Spanish is simple in theme and untheatrical in style. Its story is hardly more eventful than a folk song or a lullaby, and it is told in language that discourages histrionics. A foundling baby girl is deposited in a covered basket at the gate of a convent, and until the basket is uncovered, it is mistaken for a gift to the Mother Prioress whose birthday it is. The excited novices persuade the prioress to adopt this heaven-sent waif as the daughter of the community, and Sister Juana is deputed to its especial care.

Eighteen years pass, in the interval between the two acts, and Teresa, now grown up, is about to leave the sheltered peace of the convent and be married. That is the story, the action of which is scarcely more eventful than one of the litanies the nuns intone in their little chapel. The convent routine provides the background, the characters of the nuns the human interest, and the dramatic tension hardly exceeds that which might be excited by the illustrations to a missal.

It is a play that tests the discretion of the actors, and is a challenge to the audience. The Dominican habit, all white for the novices, strengthened with black for the seniors, is in itself a discipline that imposes a kind of anonymity on the players. Attempts to force theatrical vigour on so gentle a story would ruffle its composure and betray its deliberate innocence. It calls for sincere simplicity and an interpretative spirit of charmed devotion.

A FAMOUS tragedian of the past, we are told, used to rehearse with his arms bound to his sides in order to acquire repose. Something of this check to gesticular exuberance must be felt by the modern young ladies who impersonate the novices, and are forced by the conventual habit and routine to temper their native high spirits. For this and contingent reasons, *The Cradle Song* must be a difficult play to establish in Shaftesbury Avenue, with stars and everything West End about it. Mr. John Gielgud has dared the difficulties, and if his production does not altogether overcome them, it does at least provide some impressive stage pictures.



Mistress of the novices is played by Ann Wilton. Under her care come all the young girls anxious to enter the Order of the Enclosed Dominican Nuns

As might perhaps have been expected, the elder members of the company—Miss Lilly Kann as the Mother Prioress, with her admirable repose, Miss Muriel Aked as the Mother Vicar, with her gnarled sense of character, and that impeccable actor, Mr. Frederick Leister as the doctor—succeeded best in mastering the innate placidity of the text.

The effect, and presumably the purpose, of the conventual uniform is to suppress secular egotism, whereas the aim of most modern young actresses is to make their personalities felt. And we feel that the bevy of novices, with their almost kindergarten lines and raptures, are secular masqueraders, and more of a handful than the dramatists bargained for, or the Mother Prioress suspects, when the disciplinary limelight is off them.

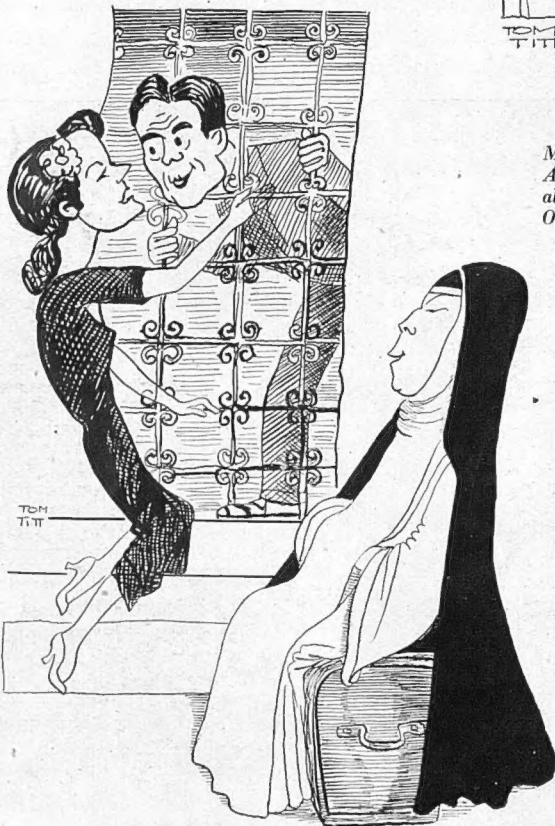
These bright girls are high-spirited neophytes. One imagines that their hair, though coif-concealed, is permanently waved; and despite their alacrity in submission, the gentle admonitions of the Mother Prioress are calculated, one feels, to divert rather than abash them. But they look nice, and attack their innocent roles with the best West End intentions.

We do not see Teresa, the foundling, until the second act, when she is on the eve of leaving the convent to be married, and she is something of a shock. Not an unpleasant shock, but somehow incongruous. Miss Yvonne Mitchell, who plays her, is gay—why not?—but her girlish vivacity and arch simplicity suggest, not so much a convent training, as a prize-winning career at the R.A.D.A.

THE story is told largely in duologues between Teresa and her special foster-mother, Sister Juana, and Teresa and her young husband to be. Miss Wendy Hiller's adoption of a rustic accent, and the emphasis she places on the simple dialogue, certainly give her role of Sister Juana distinction, but seem a little out of key.

The two convent interiors, spacious and gravely handsome, would become a cathedral. So that while the stage pictures are imposing, the play itself seems a little shy of its frame. Miss Kann, Miss Aked, and Mr. Leister are experienced players who can discard, so to speak, from strength without loss of authority. Their performances are admirable.

Secular cradle songs are lullabies to sooth the fretful to sleep. This one, though different in purpose, does at least offer a peaceful and picturesque contrast to the prevailing alarms and excursions of war.



Teresa (Yvonne Mitchell), the foundling reared by the nuns, decides at eighteen to get married. Don Antonio (Julian Dallas) wins the approval of Sister Juana (Wendy Hiller)



For many years the doctor (Frederick Leister) has visited the convent. Nevertheless Mother Vicar (Muriel Aked), determined not to relax her vows under any circumstances, insists on veiling herself in his presence although the Mother Prioress (Lilly Kann) is less rigidly orthodox

Sketches by
Tom Till

London Theatre Portraits



Alexander Bender

Joyce Barbour is in "A Soldier for Christmas"

Joyce Barbour has a part after her own heart in Reginald Beckwith's comedy at Wyndham's and looks like repeating her "George and Margaret" success. In private life the wife of Richard Bird, Joyce is as much at home in straight comedy as she is in musical. Her last appearance was in "Take It Easy"



Swarbrick

Diane Gardiner, the young premiere danseuse of "Panama Hattie," at the Piccadilly Theatre, is a direct descendant of Mary Seton, one of Mary Queen of Scots four Marys. Diane has crowded a lot of experience into her life since she started dancing at seven years of age. Ex-pupil of Lydia Sokolova, she has danced under the direction of Rene Blum and Leon Woizikowsky and was at one time a member of the Russian Ballet Company at Monte Carlo



Vivienne

Wendy Hiller Returns in "The Cradle Song"

After a long absence from the London theatres, Wendy Hiller has returned in John Gielgud's production of "The Cradle Song," at the Apollo Theatre. Wendy is the wife of Ronald Gow, the well-known dramatic author who adapted "Love on the Dole," in which Wendy made her earliest outstanding success. The Gows, who live at Radlett, have two children



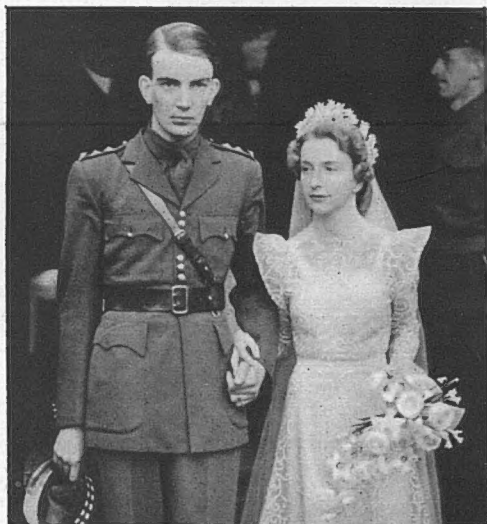
John Vickers

Yvonne Mitchell won her coveted part in "The Cradle Song" at an audition held by Mr. Hugh Beaumont of H. M. Tennent and attended by all his producers, among them Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. John Clements, Miss Irene Hentschel, Mr. Michael Redgrave, and so on. Her performance was so outstanding that she was given the part on the spot. Originally intending to become an architect, Yvonne made one of her first appearances in "The Moon is Down," in which she understudied and played for Carla Lehmann



Lord and Lady Huntingdon

The marriage of the Earl of Huntingdon, of Burton Hall, Loughborough, to Miss Margaret Lane, of Varnham Dean, Andover, took place at St. Pancras Register Office. Lord Huntingdon's first marriage was dissolved last year



Capt. and Mrs. Charles Graham

Capt. Charles Graham, Scots Guards, son of Lt.-Col. Sir Fergus and Lady Graham, married Miss Susan Surtees, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. L. Surtees, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

"The Army" Says Good-bye

MR. IRVING BERLIN's spectacular, successful, all-soldier musical has ended its tour of this country with a special performance at His Majesty's Theatre. The show has been seen in all parts of the country by more than a quarter of a million people, and British Service charities will benefit by Mr. Berlin's great generosity to a very considerable extent.

Shortly before the end of the tour, the whole cast were entertained by Lady Louis Mountbatten and members of the British War Charities Committee. Mr. Berlin, wearing plain clothes, brought the whole company—165 in all, 90 per cent. of them enlisted men from the U.S. Army, including several men of colour—to the library of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall for the party. The Princess Royal, in khaki as Controller Commandant of the A.T.S., was there, and as she had not had a chance of seeing the show, Mr. Berlin called the chorus around him, and with no accompanist and no rehearsal, gave a few excerpts. They sang "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," "My British Buddy"—which, incidentally, is one of Mr. Berlin's own favourites—and "I Left my Heart at the Stage Door Canteen." Everyone there was obviously delighted by this spontaneous gesture; Mr. Ernest Bevin shook off dull care for the time being, and conversed happily with H.R.H. and Lady Louis; tall, blond Prince Philip of Greece, wearing naval uniform, was there; so were Chief Commandant Whateley, Director of the A.T.S., G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, and several stage celebrities, among them Mr. Jack Buchanan, Mr. Vic Oliver and Miss Florence Desmond.

League of Mercy Meeting

ANOTHER of the Princess Royal's activities just recently was at the annual meeting of Presidents of the League of Mercy. Her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was in the

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

chair, and both he and the Princess were obviously highly amused to learn how much money was being raised by one member with the help of a barrel-organ. The Duke presented the Bar and Order of Mercy to a number of members, amongst whom I noticed the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. Lord and Lady Plender were there; so were Viscount and Viscountess

(Continued on page 202)



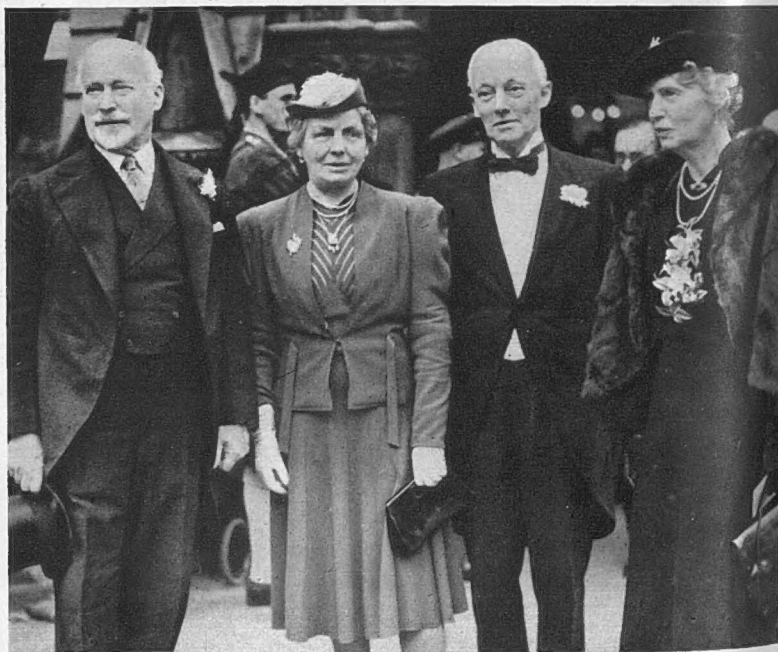
Father and Son at a Wedding

Lt.-Col. Christopher Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, was busy looking after his small son, Rupert, who acted as a page at the marriage of his uncle, Capt. O. P. Dawnay, to Lady Margaret Boyle



Capt. O. P. Dawnay and Lady Margaret Boyle Married in London

Capt. Oliver Payan Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, son of Major-General and Mrs. Guy Dawnay, and Lady Margaret Dorothea Boyle, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, were married on February 3rd. The bride had six child attendants



Photographed after the ceremony at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, were the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, parents of the bride, with Major-General and Mrs. Guy Dawnay, of Long-parish House, Andover, the bridegroom's father and mother

Out to Dinner: Snapshots Taken at Two London Restaurants



Major and Mrs. Ian Menzies and W/Cdr. Peter Kooch de Gooreynd were a threesome at Ciro's one night



Sir Robert Renwick, of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, was dining at the Bagatelle with Lady Renwick and Air/Cdre. and Mrs. R. B. Jordan



Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's second daughter, was at Ciro's with the Master of Sinclair, Coldstream Guards



Capt. Lord Errington, the Earl of Cromer's heir, escorted his wife to dinner. She is Lord Rothermere's younger daughter



Lt. J. Rodney had Miss Sarah Birkin as his neighbour for dinner at Ciro's. She is Lady Edward Hay's daughter



The Countess of Jersey was another visitor to Ciro's Club. With her was Col. T. Hammond, of the U.S. Embassy



The Hon. John Knatchbull was entertaining Miss Susan Winn, daughter of the Hon. Lady Baillie. He is in the Coldstream Guards



Photographs by Swaabe
Lady Jane Nelson and Mr. T. C. Blackwell dined at Ciro's recently. She is the late Duke of Grafton's sister



There was a Y.W.C.A. canteen in the foyer at the Odeon, for the opening night of "Phantom of the Opera"



One lump only? Mrs. Churchill offered the sugar to Mr. Winant, U.S. Ambassador, at the Y.W.C.A. canteen



The Duchess of Westminster sat next to Admiral Stark, who recently returned from a visit to Washington

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Elibank, Lord and Lady Brocket, and Lord and Lady Ebbisham. Lord Ebbisham was elected chairman, and the Duke, in his speech, said that during his absence in Australia his place would be taken by his sister—a piece of news which, incidentally, he had forgotten to break to her before the meeting. It was, he said, his last appearance as Grand President for the time being anyway, for he expects to leave for Australia towards the end of the year.

Naval "Active Service" Equerry

THE King's new "active service" equerry has taken up duty at Buckingham Palace. He is Capt. John Grant, D.S.O., R.N., who won the order as Commander of H.M.S. Penelope, otherwise known as H.M.S. Pepperpot, because she has the reputation of being the most holed cruiser afloat. Capt. Grant was with Penelope when she made her famous convoy run to Malta—for seventeen days on end being bombed, fired at and torpedo-attacked

by a desperate enemy—and the last time he was at the Palace was when he brought officers and men of his gallant crew to receive their decorations from His Majesty at an investiture. Tall, slim and clean-shaven, Capt. Grant is a bachelor. He has a namesake in the Navy, who has also won the D.S.O. for convoy gallantry—Lt.-Cdr. John Grant, one of our destroyer captains—and until his recent promotion, Capt. Grant and his brother-officer, who is married, with two daughters, were constantly receiving each other's mail.

In Town

THE mild spell of weather we have had has encouraged everyone to fall in with the postured suggestion of the Ministry of Transport to use Shanks' Pony. I saw Mrs. Randolph Churchill in Grosvenor Square returning to her flat clasping a lovely pot of spring flowers in her arms. Obviously she had not been able to resist the temptation of the flower-shops, which are looking their loveliest decked out in spring flowers—gay tulips, golden daffodils and the gorgeous blue of cinerarias. Lady Cromwell and her daughter, the Hon. Philippa Bewicke-Copley, were shopping; Lady Rose

Baring, the Earl of Antrim's elder sister, wearing green tweeds, was up from her home in Surrey, where she is living for the duration with her father-in-law, the Hon. Hugo Baring, and her young family. The Marquess of Queensberry, strolling along without an overcoat, was obviously enjoying the weather; so was Mr. Cyril Simpson, the rackets player, who was walking to lunch accompanied by Major and Mrs. Ralph Spencer. Mr. Simpson was Amateur Rackets Champion of Great Britain for three years and doubles champion six times—a wonderful record, beaten only by Lord Aberdare, who won the doubles ten times. Another good games player around was Major Tom Enthoven, a very fine cricketer, who was in the Harrow XI., then the Cambridge XI., then for many years played in the Middlesex side. He is now in the Army. Others walking along were Mrs. Warre, niece of the Duke of Devonshire, wearing a mink coat and hat, and chatting to friends; Lady Dorothea Head, who was alone; Mrs. Henry Garnett, hatless, in an opossum coat, who dived down into the Tube to hasten her journey; Miss Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of the former American Ambassador in London, who was spinning along on her bicycle, which she says she finds most useful in London these days, and looking very snappy in her American Red Cross uniform.

Lunchers Out

RESTAURANTS continue to be most uncomfortably packed out. Even such "regulars" as the Hon. Charles Wood and his wife, and Capt. and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon have sometimes to be disappointed if they have forgotten to ring up and reserve a table. I saw this happen quite recently, and the foursome had to go on and search for a meal somewhere else. Amongst those more happily seated were the Countess of Cadogan with Mrs. Robert Ducas (Lady Cadogan's children stayed with Mrs. Ducas when she was in Cairo in the early part of the war); Lady Alexander, a great personality even in Edwardian days and a great conversationalist—a rare gift these days—who was amusing her host with some of her very witty stories; the Marchioness of Tavistock, who came in late to join some friends; Mr. Derek Parker Bowles with the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt; the Hon. Mrs. Charles Fitzroy and Mrs. Marcus Marsh, Mrs. Marsh looking very pretty in brown and recalling nostalgic memories of summer days at Wimbledon, when, as Eileen Bennett, she charmed everyone with her graceful play—her husband, the trainer of Windsor Lad the year he won the Derby, is now a prisoner of war in Germany. Others there included the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, wearing a snood with her fur coat, who stopped to talk with the Earl and Countess of Carlisle; Lady Dashwood, in the uniform of the Red Cross and St. John; Lady Munro, wearing a black Persian lamb coat and a Cossack hat to match, with Mrs. Jimmy Ford, whose husband is with his regiment

(Concluded on page 216)



Two February Weddings in London

The marriage of Lt. William Edward Michael de Sivrak Dunn, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Dunn, and Miss Patience Louise Ralli, younger daughter of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square



Capt. the Hon. Terence Marne O'Neill, Irish Guards, son of the late Hon. Arthur O'Neill and Lady Annabel Dodds, married Miss Katharine Jean Ingham Whitaker, daughter of the late W. Ingham Whitaker and the Hon. Mrs. Ingham Whitaker, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, came to see "Phantom of the Opera." He is seen arriving with Mrs. Eden



The Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao, were members of the audience



Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert Fitzherbert was amongst the distinguished naval men at the premiere. Lady Fitzherbert was with him

Film Premiere for the Y.W.C.A.

"Phantom of the Opera" at the Odeon

The first performance of the Technicolor film *Phantom of the Opera*, directed by Arthur Lubin, was held in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund. The premiere was attended by Mrs. Churchill, who is President of the Fund, and by many other distinguished people, some of whom appear in these pictures



Lady Pamela Berry and Lady Helen Graham were together. Lady Helen is Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen



Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson was photographed in the foyer with Lady Shakespeare, wife of Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P.



Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys escorted his wife, who is such a hard worker in the cause of charity



Mrs. Bryan Mountain was sitting beside the Duke of Somerset during the performance at the Odeon



Capt. the Earl of Birkenhead and Lady Birkenhead came together. He is in the Royal Artillery



Countess Beatty is seen here with Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FEWER and fewer of the Fleet Street military commentators are quoting their old buddy Clausewitz nowadays. Maybe they're looking up his opposite number Jomini for quotable bons mots.

Many of Clausewitz's authentic cracks bear all the marks (to us) of having been thrown off after dinner, probably with a girl sitting on Clausewitz's knee. That's how we see jolly old Clausewitz, flourishing a champagne glass and laughing and saying "An advancing movement differs in direction and objective from a retiring movement." Jomini, the old Swiss sobersides, would probably have been a bit puritanical about this, had these authorities ever met. *E.g.:*

JOM (*sneeringly*): You don't say!

[*The girl on Clausewitz's knee, a tiny blonde named Hildegard Bopp, gives him a dirty look.*]

HILD: He's getting at you, Clausey boy.

CLAUS: Okay, baby. (*Drinks.*) The speed of a mobile advancing force is in direct ratio to its distance from the original *point d'appui*.

JOM: Maybe you'd make better cracks if you weren't dandling a painted wanton on your knee, Clausewitz.

HILD: Who's painted, you big Swiss jodeller?

CLAUS: I bet you couldn't dandle a wanton on a knee like yours, Jomini. Not one you couldn't.

JOM: I bet you I could dandle fifty if I liked.

[*Claus rings a bell and says "Fetch 50 wantons." Fifty wantons in crinolines enter.*]

CLAUS: Wantons! Sit on Jomini's knee!

[*They do so. Jomini looks a bit grim at first, but his iron features slowly relax. Very soon he is teasing the wantons and slapping them with a protractor graduated to 1/10th of a millimetre.*]

JOM: Talking of strategy, Clausewitz, what's the betting I can't draw Napoleon's 1815 campaign on these frail but shapely backs with my blue pencil?

Which he does, and what with ticklish backs and innocent mirth it is clear that when Jomini loosens up he is the gayest of the gay. Unlike (we may add) his disciples in the Street of Peradventure.

Threat

IF the Boche is really going to abolish the famous second-hand bookstalls along the left embankment of the Seine in Paris—because they spoil the view, a Swedish paper says—he is adding one more large item to an account to be squared shortly.

The Seine bookstalls aren't what they were, naturally. Every old Parisian knows at least one chap who picked Napoleon's copy of Caesar—morocco, stamped, annotated in his own hand, with a love-letter from Josephine between every ten leaves—from the junk in five minutes for five francs in 1887, and another chap who carried off Charlemagne's own Book of Hours in 1896 for the price of a Pernod. We regard these stories with suspicion, our experience being



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"I'm afraid your report will be the cause of a lot of trouble, Beveridge"

that the most bleary, somnolent second-hand bookseller in Paris or London springs to life immediately you light on anything remotely good and becomes a raging devil of avarice. However, the Seine bookstalls are a traditional part of the Parisian scene, and if abolished will certainly return, with the traditional bookstall-keepers, men of mystery. Not so, alas, the celebrated Sims.

Figure

SIMS, a Scot with a little shop in the Rue des Beaux-Arts, used to supply Anatole France with priceless treasure-trove. He was a dirty little old man, nearly always half-plastered, a perfect mine of erudition, his pockets perpetually bulging with bottles and books. Rich collectors loved him dearly, and he knew more about Renaissance European literature than the cleanest and most revolting don. It is often so in the higher branches of the rare-book racket. Peering behind the urbane, polished, highly-civilised, well-washed and manicured figures of the Rosenbergs and the Gabriel Wellses, you descry far off a snuffy old rednosed tramp smoking a cutty pipe serenely and squatting on a pile of First Folios. That's the boy that noses out the goods.

Snake

ONE of the many dark mysteries of philately which throw us into a tall state of unexcitement is the high prices fetched by stamps with wrong marking or "an error of colour." At a London sale the other day four Rhodesians of the latter kind fetched £175.

Probably philatelists get hold of decent stamp-printers and betray them with drink or dope. Like a Tartuffe or a Mephistopheles in the home, a philatelist will probably spend years worming himself into the affections of a printer's family, kissing the hand of the printer's wife with assumed gallantry, feigning an interest in the children, working stealthily towards the day when he can bring about slips, bloomers, hodge-podge, or muckeroo in the stamp-printing room. In the last resort he will stand by the printer and jerk his elbow suddenly as the colour-process begins, or maybe ram a great spike privily into the machinery.

(Concluded on page 206)



"They say they were torpedoed off the Azores, Sir"

Light and Shade

Pictures by R.A.F. Cameramen Exhibited
at the Camera Club



"Make and Mend": by F/Lt. H. Hensser
With the R.A.F. in France: an air-
craftman repairs his camouflage netting



"Knots and Crosses": by F/O. T. Lea
The Italian sun casts a pattern on a member
of the R.A.F. Regiment fixing camouflage
netting over positions on a recently captured airfield



"Seen from the Wings": by F/O. W. Bellamy
Fighter pilots of the R.A.A.F. keep fit in the Western
Desert while standing by for operations. Spectators in
nearby aircraft watch a game of Rugby in progress



"They Came Back": by F/O. W. Bellamy
These four sergeants, from Perth, Australia; Adelaide,
Australia; Scotland and Hertfordshire, walked 450 miles back to
their base after their Wellington bomber force-landed at Tobruk

Standing By ...

(Continued)

The agony of the printer may well be imagined.

PRINT: Out! Out! Harow! Alas! Ototo-toi! Mort-Dieu! The whole issue is botched! Uch! Uch! I am ruined!

(Sobs weakly as the Philatelist, with devilish agility, whips away the spoiled sheet of stamps, a false smile on his evil face.)

PHIL: Be calm! A mere accident! It is nothing!

PRINT (moans): My wife! My children! Emily! Winston! George! Baby! What's-yourname! Tiny! Thingumbob! Ruby! Stinker!

(As his wife and children rush in, the Philatelist paces softly to the rear, rubbing his hands and exulting.)

WIFE: O, merciful Heaven! (Swoons.)

This bit of work will ultimately net a philatelist a couple of hundred berries in one afternoon, maybe. How easy it is, and how shameful.

Fracas

THAT market-day battle in the main street of Tiverton recently between gypsies and tinkers using broken bottles was quite Borrowian, as the fans of bouncing George Borrow have doubtless remarked in chorus already.

Slogger Borrow, whose constant physical and mental feats in the absence of witnesses are so striking, could have written up the Tiverton clash very nicely, giving himself a major role and maybe defeating the Flaming Tinman again. Borrowian exhibitionism and addiction to tall talk was explained recently by a psychologist very simply—poor Mrs. Borrow had as bitter a grievance as poor Mrs. Carlyle, apparently—and of course no gypsies could read or write in those days, or there'd have been indignant Romany letters to the *Times* and the *Spectator* calling Mr. Borrow's bluff ("Sir, May I beg the courtesy of your columns. . . Yours faithfully, Aspasia Petulengro"). And maybe the Anglo-Hispanic Society would have taken up the case of that much-injured Spanish gypsy girl whom Borrow made to look a perfect imbecile by dilating on her virtue in spurning a large sum offered her by a wicked nobleman. Subsequent letter to the *Times*, from the original Romany:

Sir,—Mr. G. Borrow is a noisy ape. I naturally thought Don Antonio was fooling me, I being a girl that is not used to the big money. It is annoying enough without Mr. B. carrying on like that. Rot 'em both.

CHIQUEITA PEREZ.

Footnote

IT was Prosper Mérimée who remarked that if Borrow's wicked nobleman had made his offer five pesetas instead of five thousand there'd have been no fuss whatever. Mérimée knew more about Spanish gypsies than Borrow. But the last thing a Borrow fan

likes is a bit of acid reality like that, and you can quote us.

Phobia

As the old silent films went *The Phantom of the Opera*, newly re-done in sound and Glorious Technicolor, was a notable wow, by reason of that terrific moment when the great crystal Opera chandelier begins to sway gently, and finally crashes on the panicking audience.

Though assured by an engineer that this chandelier could never fall except in circumstances devised by Gaston Leroux, we never liked sitting immediately under it. (The great censer hanging from the roof before St. James's tomb in Compostela Cathedral, needing half a dozen vigorous men to swing it, is a different matter, the normal function of censers being to swing.) This disturbing feeling of things about to sway gently and fall on one—the sky, for instance—is known to Harley Street as Tigsworth's Trauma. Why larks are notoriously afraid of the sky falling no psychiatrist or birdie-lover has yet explained.



"But, Miss Cunningham, we must have something white to signal with"

Maybe it's part of a general state of neurosis and anxiety-hysteria brought on in larks by being badgered constantly with questions by the poets, without hope of reply. Any skylark wishing to answer Shelley's questionaire, for example, in the same spirit is faced by the fact that the only English rhymes to Shelley are belly, jelly, Kelly, Nelly, and smelly, with the possible addition of Zelli (Joe) for the American edition. What skylark can do anything with that?

Noise

BRASS-BAND fans, who, as we happen to know, are pretty truculent and touchy, have been braying fortissimo and alla marcía at an unfortunate radio critic who remarked the other day that brazen music has little charm for non-brass players.

We got in wrong with the brass boys some years ago for innocently meditating on the tweedly-grumph stuff they notoriously delight in. This caused brass fans to swell and rave abominably, and—as with the radio critic—they roared that every Crystal Palace brass-band contest draws an audience of about 50,000, so what?

It didn't seem to us a convincing line of argument, brass being cheaper than alcohol and producing much the same result. Undiluted brass, in our shrinking view, is essentially brutal and its function is to encourage bloodlust, even when a Purcell or an Elgar or a Bach or a Moussorgsky uses it. Attempts to filter and humanise it by hanging a bowler hat on the business end, as the jazz boys do, are merely grotesque.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"And why do you object to being called a 'smashing bit of crackling,' Miss Malet?—I'd say you were"



W/Cdr. Robert Duncan Yule, D.F.C. and Bar, is a New Zealander, and comes from Invercargill. He is wing leader at his station, to which S/Ldr. Prail and W/Cdr. Lapsley are also attached. He has been in the R.A.F. since 1938, when he joined as a cadet.



W/Cdr. John Hugh Lapsley, D.F.C., is the station commander. He comes from Castle Rising, in Norfolk. Before his present job he went through the whole of the North African campaign.

Men of the R.A.F. Portraits by Olive Snell



G/Capt. James Rankin, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, from Edinburgh, was one of Fighter Command's top-scoring pilots in 1941 and 1942, and a recognised leader during the Battle of Britain. He now commands a fighter wing.



S/Ldr. Edwin James Praill, M.B.E., is chief technical officer at the station. He is a Hereford man, and is a veteran in the service, with twenty years' experience.



Young Lantier's Crime

Mme. Lantier, the simple wife of a cabinet-maker, is told of her son's attempt to kill himself. The headmaster is sympathetic and Mme. Lantier unburdens her heart to him.



A Woman of Influence

Mme. Pasquier is of very different character. Told that her son is sly and vicious, she becomes high-handed and threatens the headmaster that his behaviour will cost him his job.



The Proprietress of the "Fashionable"

Elsie Camus is another of the headmaster's visitors. Ex-night-club singer, she is a vulgar, good-natured Parisian. She dreads leaving her son but fears the doubtful influence of home.



Mme. Françoise Rosay As She Really Is

Speaking in English for the first time on any stage, Françoise Rosay introduced herself to her first British theatre audience at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

The Artistry of Mme. Françoise Rosay

A Great French Disease is Seen in London

● For more than two hours Françoise Rosay, famous French actress and star of *Le Carnet de Bal* and *La Kermesse Héroïque*, held her first theatre audience in this country spellbound. Without altering her make-up in any way she assumed the character and bearing of women as widely separated in age and outlook as Mme. Dubreuil and Elsie Camus. Wearing a plain black dress specially designed for her performance by Bianca Mosca, she achieved different effects simply by accessories and by altering the length of her hair. Mme. Rosay will be giving four more performances at the Haymarket Theatre on February 21st and 28th and on March 6th and 13th, all of which are to benefit the Red Cross and St. John Fund and the French in Great Britain Fund. Her first British film has just been completed by Ealing Studios.

Photographs by Alexander Bender



The Street Singer

Old Mother Liseron knows how to get sympathy. With a child hired for five francs a day, begging is a profitable pastime.



Queueing Up

Mme. Martin is an ardent patriot. Faith means hungry days in a room. Vichyites automatically head the queue.



Madame Dubreuil at the Telephone

Wife of a rich banker, Mme. Dubreuil finds life one long, mad rush—creditors to avoid, friends to chat to, beaux to make dates with. . . . The telephone calls her from her bath and the day has begun



Premeditation

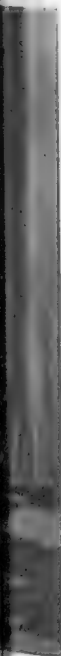
A simple-hearted peasant woman, Mme. Breteau is summoned to give evidence at the trial of her son, charged with murder. With sound peasant logic and deep sincerity, she succeeds in moving the jury



At the Vet.'s

Mme. Chassigne is a smart business woman with one weakness—her dog, Puce. Puce's visit to the vet. gives Mme. Chassigne the chance to indulge in a sentimental orgy

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The Frenchwoman As She Is and As Some of Us Imagine Her to Be

Françoise Rosay has one sketch in English, written for her by Rodney Ackland. It tells of a French actress (left) trying unsuccessfully to get film work in this country. She seeks the advice of an old friend, who explains to her just what a French actress is expected to look like if she wants work. The Frenchwoman gets the idea—she reverses her cape, hitches up her skirt—and gets the job (right)

Her
where
queue



Pictorial Press

Britain's First Woman Diplomat: Miss Mary Craig McGeachy

Canadian-born Miss Mary Agnes Craig McGeachy, first British woman to receive diplomatic status, has now taken up her new duties as Chief of the Welfare Division of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. She has resigned her post of First Secretary at the British Embassy in the United States, to which she was appointed a year ago, but is remaining in Washington to work at the headquarters of U.N.R.R.A. under the Director-General, Mr. Herbert Leberman. Miss McGeachy came to London in 1940 to join the Press Department of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and after four months went to Washington as Press Attaché to the Ministry at the British Embassy there. Formerly on the staff of the League of Nations at Geneva, she is well qualified for her new task, which will be that of alleviating as far as possible the miseries of the occupied countries after their liberation, and to encourage the freed peoples to set up their own relief and distributive organisations.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Militarism

PERHAPS, under the prevailing circumstances, it was a virtual certainty that we should turn from being a harmless nation of shopkeepers into a savage and warlike tribe hardly safe to be allowed at large without muzzles. But happily, or unhappily, so it is, and our old repose and serenity seem to have been exchanged for a positively dangerous snappishness. The more bloody-minded amongst us hail the change; the others wring their delicate hands and say, "Alas and alack, those poor, dear, misunderstood Germans!" Signs of this change can be noticed in the conversation of the general populace. For instance, talk can be heard of the Hampstead Massif, the Ludgate Ridge, the Savoy Gorge, the Claridge Escarpment, the Soho Salient, the Piccadilly Defile, the Pall Mall Re-entrant, the Chelsea Bridgehead, and of persons on "Rowte" march along the Oxford Line of Communications keeping the Big Store Dump on the right flank. It is also reported that some hyper-militarist said that he observed Dogsbody (Captain, retired) in the second echelon deployed facing the strongly-held, entrenched position in the Eastern Sector of the smoking-room at The Rag. A habit once acquired takes a power of eradication.

1572-1944

"**VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE!**" Never was a regimental motto better chosen nor lived up to with greater glory. It belongs to the 3rd East Kent, The Buffs Regiment of Foot, the most recent of the many units of our fine Army which have maintained their best traditions. That which they did at Zutphen on September 22nd, 1586—a bloody encounter in the Netherlands War of Independence under the gallant and gentle Sidney, statesman, soldier and poet, who there got his death-wound—they have done again at Termoli, the Biferno and the

Trigno against more formidable foemen than the Spaniards or the French. Zutphen is not borne as a battle honour by the descendants of London's old Train Bands, from whom they get the Buff on their facings, but why I have never quite understood, for surely they are entitled to it, just as much as they are to all the others from Blenheim onwards, and I should venture that it is just about as exclusive an honour as Sahagun (Corunna Campaign), which is borne by the 7th, 10th and 15th Hussars, the only Cavalry regiments present at that hard-fought delaying action. How marvellously has past form been reproduced, not only in this recent instance, by the fighting men of the nation which "Von" Ribbentrop told his Master was decadent and would not fight. Both the House-Painter and the Bagman have since discovered how wrong they were.

Here's Your Prices

THE old game of "Let's Pretend" has always been fascinating from those days when we liked to believe that we were either Lone Wolf the Scalp-Hunter, or Fireman John, so, in spite of its being just the spin of a coin whether there will be any time for anything but the One Thing, there is no harm in a very well-versed book-maker telling us what he is prepared to lay about the 1944 classics, and saying that he has based his calculations mainly upon the breeding of the animals, plus, as must be supposed, to a certain extent upon two-year-old achievement. I am not permitted to mention



R.A.F. Photographs at the Camera Club

The work of R.A.F. cameramen is being shown at the Camera Club, 11, Grosvenor Street, W., during the month of February. The exhibits cover a wide range of subjects. S/Ldr. P. N. L. Nicholson and G/Capt. F. G. Stewart were early visitors

his name, so I am told, but if it is said that he is one who has started a stud, it amounts to the same thing. So let's have a look at the prices. Orestes 5 to 1 for the Two Thousand is nearer the mark, in my opinion, than Orestes 6 to 1 for the Derby. Neither price can be "to money," for there has been virtually no ante-post betting. Happy Landing 10 to 1 for the Guineas and 12 to 1 for the Derby does not attract me. I doubt whether he will be in the first three in either. Fair Glint 18 to 1 in the Guineas may sound attractive to some people, but I think 16 to 1 in the Derby is generous. Effervescence 14 to 1 in the Guineas may also be a nice price *each way*, and I am sure Gustator 20 to 1 is. You may have 20 to 1 Effervescence in the Derby and 25 to 1 Gustator. I would rather take a flyer at the latter. Blue Moon, who has never even seen a race-course, is at 20 to 1 for each of these races. How come? Home Gallop or "Intuition"? I see that our friend does not believe that anything can stop Fair Fame in

(Concluded on page 212)



The West Derbyshire By-Election: Lord Hartington is the Government Candidate

The Duchess of Devonshire has been canvassing for her son, the Marquess of Hartington, Conservative candidate for the seat which until recently was held by his uncle, Major Hunloke

Lord Hartington, who is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, is at present on leave. His grandfather, the late Duke of Devonshire, and his father, the present Duke, both represented West Derbyshire in the House of Commons

Lady Elizabeth Cavendish was electioneering for her brother, Lord Hartington, who is opposed by Alderman C. F. White (Independent Labour). Conservative majority at the last election was 5524

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the Ladies' races, and he has no opinion of Lady Wyn, because, I suppose, of her unfashionable breeding. I have, however! What did "Kipper" say about "Judy O'Grady and the officer's lady?" I still say "maybe" about this season's racing, in spite of the cross words of those who do not seem to be able to visualise what a colossal operation is just round the corner, and also that other thing, the inevitable counter-attack, the only move on the board for the enemy.

"Who's Won the Toss?"

IT was certain that anyone who attempted the almost impossible would have to be prepared for a heavy barrage of brickbats, and my old friend, E. H. D. Sewell cannot be feeling disappointed, for the printer's ink was hardly dry upon the first copy of his new book on cricket, *Who's Won the Toss?* (Stanley Paul; 15s.), before the guns opened. The author sets out to pick the best-ever XI's for England, taking the fifty years 1890 to 1939, and he has chosen his best elevens from each of the seventeen first-class counties, the six Test-playing countries, the Universities, the Gentlemen and the Players.

He says in his prologue: "I launch my barque upon what may look to be a sea of troubles." Now, if anyone set out to pick the fifty best horses that have won the Derby or the National over that period, he would stand just as good a chance of pleasing everyone as has our intrepid author. There would be just as many wigs on the green as there are about E. H. D. S. picking an England XI minus "W. G." and Hammond, and, further, saying that the pre-1914 vintage was better than the post-1919 one. The author is as much entitled to his opinion as are his critics.

Proof Impossible

THE main point about the whole effort is that it can never be put to strict proof, for it is just a game of "let's pretend" if all these people, or their shades, could be brought together, and, if they were at the very peak of their form, would the side be a world-beater? If "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans! If we could produce Ormonde or Persimmon or Sansovino to run in this year's Derby, would they, or would they not, make costermongers' donkeys of Orestes, Fair Glint, Blue Moon and Company? This is how this problem which E. H. D. Sewell has set presents itself to me. How can anyone know?



Athletics: the Oxford and Cambridge Captains

John Barratt (Shrewsbury and Merton), captain of Oxford's Athletic team, won the Shot for the Dark Blues in 1942, and will compete in that event and the High Jump this year



D. R. Stuart

John G. Bamford (Ampleforth and Trinity), president of the Cambridge Athletic Club, will lead the side against Oxford on March 4th. He will compete in the High Jump and Hurdles

The England XI the author picks is, in batting order: A. C. Maclaren (captain), Hayward, Hobbs, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Tyldesley (J. T.), F. S. Jackson, G. L. Jessop, Rhodes, Lilley, Lockwood and Richardson.

E. H. D. S. says, quite candidly, that there are at least two other England XI's which would make his side go for its life, and he sets them out. I fully expect that some of his critics will assist him by setting out a few more. Whatever this book is, or is not, it has a great value as a reference volume, because in it are all the greatest players of each county, etc., during the period it covers, all together in a small compass. I like C. B. Fry's foreword, especially the bit about how he told the Essex captain that E. H. D. Sewell was, *vis-à-vis* Albert Trott, about as like "as a salmon to a pike!"

Completely Safe

THE *Kolnische Zeitung*, it is to be observed, is going pink with apprehension lest the Pure Aryan should in some moment of aberration ally itself with the Inferior Foreigner.

Both sexes are urged "to maintain the requisite degree of stand-offishness in their bearing towards the foreigners," and Göring's paper, the *National Zeitung*, implores the German soldier not to marry anyone but the noble and beautiful German woman. There may be some foolish virgins in our race, but even they, after the disclosed facts (rubber truncheons, buried-alive children, etc., etc.), may not now be in any danger of succumbing to the fascinations of the sub-human descendant of Thor and Wotan. As for the opposite risk, our masculine taste has not declined. Other things quite apart, the German woman, on the general run, is not attractive even in the physical sense. Most of them are very plain about the head, very dowdy of exterior and intensely dull. Emmy, the Frau of the owner of the *National Zeitung*, even aided by her clothes from Paris, never managed to look anything but blonde, blousy and bovine. A magnificent Krimhilde, if you like that type, but nothing more. It is more than probable that these German newspapers are unduly perturbing themselves.



The Radley Rugby Team

D. R. Stuart

On ground: W. G. L. Meek, D. L. O'Connell. Sitting: R. O. Meade-King, M. R. Lampard (secretary), I. S. W. Sawtell (captain), D. C. Mathews, P. Creighton. Standing: W. H. Rickerd, C. G. Burgess, J. V. Porter, R. C. Wheeler-Bennett, H. C. Allen, S. M. Boosey, M. J. Priestley, D. Bennett, T. A. Buckley



The A.-A. Command H.Q. Hockey Team

Sitting: Lt.-Col. H. R. Stirling, Major W. Hetherington, Capt. A. S. G. Thompson, Major R. G. S. Hoare, Capt. D. A. Greenhill. Standing: Capt. R. A. Osborne, Capt. G. R. Turner, Gunner L. Finger, Major J. B. Winter, Capt. G. Partington, Capt. V. G. J. Jenkins

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station Somewhere in the North

Front row: Pay/Cdr. I. T. Rees, Cdr. E. W. Beetham, Capt. V. N. Surtees, Major F. B. Brown (R.M.), Lt./Cdr. (E.) H. Bou. Second row: Major J. Ballantyne (Cameronians), Pay/Lt.-Cdr. N. J. Rowlett (R.N.V.R.), Lt./Cdr. C. R. G. Wilkinson

Right—Front row: Flt./O. C. Clegg, S/Ldrs. J. G. Connell, G. St. J. Morris, Air Marshal Sir E. Leslie Gossage, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., W/Cdr. R. B. Dowling, the C.O., Air/Cdr. J. G. Murray, S/Ldrs. P. Holt, J. Hardy, J. Driscoll. Second row: F/Lts. Sims, Porter, Renwick, Leggott, Stammers, Poulton, Coppock, Warne, Sister Billing. Third row: F/Lts. Harland, McKean, Powell, F/O. Warner, F/Lts. Brewin, Watkin, F/O. Board, F/Lts. Oastler, Armitage, Goldsmith, S/Os. Catt, Butler, F/Os. Mull, Button, S/Os. Franks, Scrimgeour



Officers of the Directing Staff of an Infantry Division's Battle School

Front row: Capts. J. A. C. Danby (Adj.), J. H. E. Brown, D. W. E. Blackburn, Major W. H. Brindle (Chief Instructor), the Commandant, Capt. N. H. Humphries, Majors P. B. Clarke, A. Hanks, F. D. Jefferies. Back row: Capts. G. E. Stockton, K. O. Wilson, A. F. J. G. Jackson, C. Lincoln, C. T. Moss, C. G. C. Rae, F. F. Parker, Lt. B. A. Ereat, Capt. R. J. A. H. Boyne, Lt. H. F. Macauley



Officers of an R.A.F. Station



A Beaufighter Torpedo Squadron of Coastal Command

Front row: LACW. Thompson, F/Os. Benneworth, Hague, S/O. Brandling, S/Ldr. Filson-Young, W/Cdr. Miller, S/Ldr. Garbutt, S/O. Crosby, F/Lt. Millard, F/Os. Cox, Kelshall, F/Sgt. Yates, F/O. Dickin. Second row: W/O. Pengelly, P/O. Richardson, Sgt. Pepper, P/O. Oakley, F/Lts. Noble, Price, Wills, F/Os. Ridgway, Pavitt, Hughes, F/Sgts. Hinks, Kirkland, Auger, Sgt. Helps, F/Q. Bennett, F/Sgt. Bate. Back row: F/O. Care, P/Os. Knight, Batty, F/Sgts. O'Connor, Whitfield, Sgt. Morgan, F/Sgts. Mortimer, Tatham, Vimpany, Shaw, Clayton, F/Os. Sowerbutts, Walker

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Late Starter

WE have to be thankful, in these days, that "austerity" and "utility" have not laid their chilly hands too completely on book production. They have, it is true, touched it, but they have damaged it less than one might expect. Books have slimmed, though their content, in point of actual numbers of words, is not less than before the war. One must take off one's hat to the ingenuity of the publishers, who continue to do their authors so surprisingly well, and who do their best for the public, with poor and restricted material. Gay book-jackets continue to please the eye, and illustration in colour has progressed notably—as shown by several low-priced series that have come into being since war began. Has the increase in reading and book-buying, since 1939, encouraged the publishers to fresh efforts? Books, now so eagerly sought, are, as we know, much fewer. But their quality, all things considered, shows advance in some directions, and, in others, remarkably slight decline.

None the less, art books, produced in a manner worthy of their subject, at present cannot but be rare. Each opening up a world, they are a joy to handle, and a still greater joy to possess. Such a book is *Sickert* (Faber and Faber; 21s.), edited by Lillian Browse, with an essay on the artist's life and notes on his paintings, and with an essay on his art by R. H. Wilenski. Of the Sickert paintings, here are two reproductions in colour and sixty-four in half-tone: there are also many small plates of the drawings. Arranged chronologically, and amplified, for our interest, by Miss Browse's detailed notes on each, the illustrations bear out the theme of Sickert's development as suggested in Mr. Wilenski's essay. To the development of the artist, the life-story of the man supplies background and, in some cases, explanation.

Sickert, says Mr. Wilenski, was "a late starter." How so? you may ask. He was born in 1860: the first picture reproduced here ("The Acting Manager") was painted when he was about twenty-four and shows, in the ordinary sense, no immaturity. In the work he did before he was even thirty (the music-hall pieces, the portrait of Wilson Steer), assurance, as well as power, appears. But Mr. Wilenski's point is that Sickert's essential quality, as a painter, was slow to emerge, that the first of his great periods opened when he was forty, and that his genius continued to reinforce itself and to receive fresh impetus in those later years of his life when a man's powers might be expected to halt.

The Legend and the Man

MR. WILENSKI, throughout his challenging essay, is riding full-tilt against what he calls "the Sickert Legend"—a legend that, promoted by some admirers, is, he believes, as misleading as it can be. To some extent, it has been the product of Sickert's own good-humoured fooling,

his contrariness, his love of laying a false trail in order to be left to follow the true in peace. For instance, the English prefer a picture to tell a story, and Sickert, on his return to London from the Continent in 1900, was apparently willing to fall in with this idea—to be taken, let us say, for a second Hogarth, or a Keene in oils. The dramatic appeal of the Camden Town pictures is obvious—they could seem to be social documents, painted stories. But from all this his true æsthetic preoccupations could not have been farther away. What these really were, where they lay, has been shown by Mr. Wilenski—with reference to the pictures he has at hand.

"Did Sickert" [inquires Mr. Wilenski] "evolve 'that something new which justifies an artist for his existence'?" (The quotation is from Sickert's own writing about Whistler.) In his first period, Mr. Wilenski considers, Sickert was imitative—reluctant, or maybe unable, to emancipate himself from two strong influences: those of Whistler and Degas. These two were his seniors; his tie to them held him back, kept the Londoner from moving abreast with the young group of French painters who were his contemporaries, and accounted for the time-lag in his development. Sickert might have remained for always in the position of a brilliantly promising junior, pupil and protégé—in which case, the "something new" would never have come. But circumstances—



A Famous Painter and His Biographer

Marguerite Steen's biography of Sir William Nicholson, a former Trustee of the Tate Gallery, was published recently by Collins. This photograph of the author and Sir William was taken at the first performance in England of the distinguished French actress, Françoise Rosay (see pages 208 and 209) at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket

Whistler's turning against him, the break-up of his first marriage—worked to dislodge him from this first, too secure, position. What may have seemed, at the time, the cruel actions of Fate were the making of Sickert as one of our major artists. I believe one has seen the same thing happen in the careers of many great men, inside and outside art.

When awakenings come late in life, and even then slowly, their effect is the more immense. Sickert's susceptibilities remained open at an age when most men's have begun to close.

It is commonly said that Sickert's contribution was a link between the French painting and the English painting of his time. . . . Of all the English artists of his period, Sickert had indeed the closest connection with the art of France. He was often back and forth across the Channel, he had a house in France at various periods, he knew well a number of French artists, and he was aware of all the aspects of that great renaissance in modern art which, begun by the Impressionists before his day, was carried on in his own time by the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists, and so forth. It is therefore reasonable to reject purely local standards in studying his works and to assess them by the standards of his contemporaries on the international plane.

To me, it is most of all in his painting of English scenes that this great international quality appears. To his eye, nothing—least of all the London in which he had grown up—ever wore the dull husk of familiarity. Bath and Brighton are admittedly beautiful—but Camden Town? Under Sickert's brush, the meanest figures, the most scabrous buildings are seen to give off a sort of exciting quiver, the mysterious emanation of their existences. Just as he could capture the melting light on a façade, he

(Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

WHENEVER I read that some lovely, unspoilt place or

district has been sold to enable a company of financially-minded men to exploit it for their own profitable purpose, it infuriates my spirit even more than the destruction of something beautiful by war. As if surroundings banal and ordinary would not suit quite well those whose idea of holiday recreation is a crowd, a cinema, a dance-hall, a swing-band, noise throughout the day and night, organised entertainment from the word "go," the possibility of a sexy love-affair at every moment of the day, shrieks, laughter and a joyous competition in the semi-nude. Such a taste must be catered for, of course, but why, my mind asks itself, should peace and beauty and natural loveliness be sacrificed for such an arid ideal?

Yet the desecration goes on, and very soon the beauty-lover, the poet and the artist will have no refuge left away from the turmoil which is gregarious human life, and all the arrogant vulgarity which such gregariousness implies.

Were I a millionaire I would leave my fortune to any society for the preservation of natural beauty and places of historical interest, if only because, for generations to come, those who love beauty and loneliness and picturesque antiquity may enjoy the spiritual convalescence which these things can give and, without realising it, bless my memory.

For God, I like to believe, has a divine sympathy for the artist. Were he purely practical, He would, of course, have

By Richard King

planted cabbages and brussels sprouts by the wayside, and sage and parsley within the crannies of old walls. Instead, He gave us wild flowers and rock-plants, tuning it all in to the song of birds, the sighing of wind in the trees, the summer breeze through the cornfields, and over all, the ever-changing canopy of the sky, the gloriously-painted pageant of the seasons.

Thus I like to imagine that the lovely places, so much sweeter for being uncontaminated by human crowds, He created to be a kind of hospital for the human spirit; knowing how greatly the human spirit would need them in the oft-times soul-deadening perplexity which is human life.

When I read that still another district of quiet loveliness is threatened by yet another super-holiday-camp, something within me revolts against this desecration of what I like to believe is a Divine Purpose. For a beauty and a peace once destroyed is a beauty and a peace for ever wiped out in the life of those who once loved it, and for whom it meant consolation and renewed courage, a soul's link between the ugliness of life and the divine portent which alone gives life any real significance. Sometimes I think that the most dreadful promise of a Brave New World is the prospect of never being able to get away from other people's wireless, other people's gramophones, other people's pianos, and all the restlessness, noise and aimless chatter invariably associated with crowds of other people.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Sandiford — Hall

Dr. Richard Hugh Sandiford, son of Brig. and Mrs. H. A. Sandiford, of Morpeth Terrace, Westminster, and Miss Mary Rose Hall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hall, of Croydon, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Lynes — Waller

Capt. Charles Humphrey Lynes, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Lynes, of Cyfronnyd Hall, Welshpool, married Miss Allison Dorothea Waller, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hardress Waller, of 2, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Corlett — Allison

Lt. John Legh Corlett, R.N.V.R., younger son of Lt.-Col. J. S. Corlett and the late Mrs. Corlett, and Miss Joan Betty Allison, second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hubert Allison, of Knole Wood, Sunningdale, were married at St. Saviour's, St. George's Square



Player — Wilkinson

Capt. Gilbert Player, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, younger son of Mr. Hugh Player, of Woodley, near Reading, and the late Mrs. Player, married Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. M. Grant Wilkinson, of Westways, Bracknell, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Barbary — Waldegrave

Lt. Humphrey Barbary, D.S.O., second son of Brig. J. E. T. Barbary, C.B.E., T.D., and the late Mrs. Barbary, of Trevarth House, Gwenap, Cornwall, and Miss Barbara Waldegrave, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. S. Waldegrave, of 20, Howe Street Edinburgh, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Henderson — Dennistoun-Webster

Mr. Adrian Donald Henderson, R.A.F., younger son of the late Capt. the Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrough) Wilson, of Windlesham Park, married Miss Marieluz Dennistoun-Webster, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Dennistoun-Webster, of Hurst Grange, Twyford, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Smith — Bradbridge

Major Lewis Bilton Smith, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, younger son of the late Mr. J. R. C. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Darnlee, Melrose, and Miss Jean Mary Campbell Bradbridge, only child of the late Lt.-Col. E. U. Bradbridge, and Mrs. Bradbridge, of Furze Hall, Ingatstone, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 202)

in Italy; Sir John Blunt and Mrs. Vivien Cornelius together; and Sir Samuel and Lady Joseph, who were in their favourite sofa seat.

Wedding at the Guards' Chapel

MASSSES of acacia blossom at the wedding of Capt. the Hon. Terence O'Neill to Miss Katharine Whitaker gave a wonderful feeling of spring to all the guests at the Guards' Chapel, and the tall branches, which formed almost an arch over the bridal couple at the reception afterwards were most effective. The bride, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Ingham Whitaker and the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, wore white satin and a flowing veil of embroidered tulle, which fell from a wreath of orange blossom and pearls; her bouquet matched those of the three child bridesmaids—Maria Bernard, her cousin, and Veronica Gascoigne and the Hon. Fiona O'Neill, nieces of the groom. There were several little girls and boys at the wedding, among them Lord and Lady Brocket's five-year-old daughter, who is a god-daughter of the Queen. Lady O'Neill was in charge of her bridesmaid daughter, and other members of the bridegroom's family whom I saw included his mother, Lady Annabel Dodds; his aunts, Lady Cynthia Colville and Lady Celia Coates, who are the three daughters of Lord Crewe; and their stepmother, Lady Crewe.

There were many of the bride's fellow Red Cross workers to be seen, for she has been acting for some time in the operating theatre at Haslar R.N. Hospital. Among these I saw those attractive girls, Miss Beatrice and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor.

An important St. John worker—not in uniform and looking very smart with a bright green velvet scarf to her silver fox cape—was the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, who is head of the St. John organisation in her part of Wiltshire. She came with her mother, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel. Other groups included Col. the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, Sir Gifford and the Hon. Lady Fox, talking to the latter's mother; Lady Eltisley, and Col. and Lady Aline Vivian, who had to leave early in order to get back to her work at the War Office. Lady Katherine Phillips was there; so were Lady Helen Graham and Lady Exeter and her daughter, Lady Romaine Cecil (another in Red Cross uniform).

**Margaret Burgoyne-Johnson**

The youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Burgoyne-Johnson and Mrs. Burgoyne-Johnson, of Dulford House, Cullompton, Devon, joined the Women's Land Army at the outbreak of war, and is still in the service

**Studying the Map of Italy**

Members of the W.V.S. have been seconded to work for the N.A.A.F.I. leave hostels in Italy. They will work as club directors and assistant directors, and be responsible for the entertainment of troops on leave. The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, chairman of the W.V.S., shows Miss Freda Long the route she will take

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

could penetrate the dusk of a sluttish room. He has—by all showing, wrongly—been called a literary painter: it would appear more that he was a musical one. Saturated into his work was the feeling for harmony: his subject was the relation between things.

Probably few exhibitions, in these days, could assemble as representative a selection of Sickert's work—from 1884 up to 1930—as we have in this book. Portraits, of different periods, and many of the London, Dieppe, Venice, Bath and Brighton pictures are here.

Trapped

MARY LUTYENS'S *So Near to Heaven* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is to be praised as an excellent "straight" novel—one which gains its effect by sheer story-telling in a sure, quick, light style. Miss Lutyens has the gift—this must surely be a gift, for a novelist cannot learn it—of creating characters that one believes in, likes, and whose behaviour never seems impossible. Her plot moves along naturally, and her scenes live.

Her hero, Jimmy Lorigni, would at the start seem to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is the favoured nephew of a rich aunt—Mrs. Marie Gordon, who lives in Paris and is ruled by two passions, for poker and good cooking—and the only son of a father who, if detached, regards Jimmy at least as his best friend. When the story opens, Jimmy, aged twenty-four, is just back from two years of shooting in Africa. In his absence, a family "situation" has broken out: his mother, Millicent, that poor, fading beauty, has left his father, who has installed in their lovely sea-coast Italian villa an only too lovely Italian girl. Though nothing goes deep with Jimmy, he is quite mildly worried. The counterpoise, in his life, to his parents' unhappiness is the idyllic marriage of his friends, the Kinnairds.

The Kinnairds, at the time of Jimmy's return, are on holiday on the lake of Annecy, and Jimmy, en route to Vichy to sympathise with his mother, then for Tolmello, to visit his erring father, stops off to spend a day in their company. He is taken aback when Angie, the Kinnairds' fifteen-year-old daughter, innocently declares her love for him. This is like being offered a bunch of flowers for which one has no use at the present time. The opening of *So Near to Heaven* has an early-morning freshness: one breathes the air of youth. But shades of the prison house are to begin to close. Jimmy makes an unwise marriage, goes into business in London, tries to make money, gets deep in debt. Angie loses her mother, can do no more for her father and comes to London alone. Jimmy's unhappy wife, Olivia, suspects the truth—that Jimmy and Angie are made for each other and are due, sooner or later, to find this out. Angie's marriage to the uninspiring Michael, and her new phase of life as a wealthy young married woman, seems to set her and Jimmy's paths very far apart. But they meet, and, as she has never ceased to love him, the discovery of their mutual passion comes. Both are in revolt against the triviality of their lives, the futility of their marriages. Now they have found one another, happiness is in sight—in fact, they are "so near to heaven." But, can they make it? Obligations bind them: neither Jimmy's wife nor Angie's husband—who both, in themselves, one sees, have a right to happiness—are willing to make a break. The situation is fairly, and sanely, treated by Miss Lutyens. The story, beginning in 1929, closes a year or two before this war, and one is left with the feeling that war, by coming, may somehow simplify matters for the distracted pair. War, perhaps, may blast them out of their settings—and, at least, what is trivial is soon to be swept away.

The Young

PEARL JEPHCOTT (author of *Girls Growing Up*, which I reviewed in these pages some time last year) now gives us, in *Clubs for Girls* (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.), a valuable, to-the-point book of notes for new helpers, or would-be helpers, at girls' clubs. It should also be read, I feel, by those who, without any immediate hope of helping, realise the importance of the work, and would like to give it sympathy and support. Absence of uplift, good-humoured realism and up-to-date grasp of facts distinguish everything that Miss Jephcott writes. And these three qualities are, again, obviously essential to the club helper. So also is knowledge of the home and working environments from which the girls come. The need for clubs—ideally "mixed" clubs—at this time is self-evident: they provide, in the best setting that can be got, society, interest, recreation; they offer an opportunity for the young working-class girl (out in the world and faced by its pressing problems at an age when our own daughters are still at school) to get into friendly touch with people more mature and more versed in life than herself. Free will, gaiety and co-operation are, Miss Jephcott stresses, vital to the good club.

Mother-Love

GYPSY ROSE LEE, in *Mother Finds a Baby* (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), provides the best comedy-thriller I have read for some time. A couple of burlesque artists, on a caravan honeymoon, have added to them the bride's mother ("Evangelie" to friends), four other burlesque artists (quite uninvited guests), a monkey, a guinea-pig, several dogs and an unexplained corpse in the trailer bath-tub. Mother, throughout all her trouble-breeding vagaries, is always actuated by mother-love—exceedingly unlike the lady drawn on the dust-cover, she has large blue eyes and wears short, pale-blue frocks and socks. Her little experiment in arson lands in on the honeymoon pair yet one more lady—burnt-out Mrs. Mamie Smith, "that unhelp dame."



The Air-Sea Rescue crew are waiting, ready . . . Presently, perhaps, a message . . . Plane down in 'ditch' . . . An urgent rescue job to do . . . Meanwhile conversation turns to memories of peace-time thrills, sport and speed and motoring gossip . . . and inevitably, to Bentley the silent sports car.



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Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to progress

Fringe

Plain or Patterned,
It's the Fringe That Gives
the 1944 Look



● Here is yet another form of fringe—the material itself frayed and knotted. This is Dorville's idea, and in the form of a scrub-green scarf adds a touch of inspiration to the severity of the plain navy dress with which it is worn. Delivery—not a very certain factor in life to-day—should bring this model to *Harrods* in April or May

● Fringe is on everything this spring—on suits, on dresses, on coats. It is graceful and elegant and adds a touch of glamour to the strictly restrained fashions of to-day. It has been used most effectively on both these *Spectator* models. The patterned dress comes in all sorts of colour combinations . . . it is on sale at *Simpson's of Piccadilly*. For the plain dress, black silk jersey milanese has been chosen—it is an ideal possession if you live in a suitcase, for it never crushes . . . *Dickins and Jones* have this in stock



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"Easter Parade" is an example of our Tailor Suits to order showing the clever use of contrasting materials. A personal visit and two subsequent fittings essential
Suits—Ground Floor

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE drunk was crawling around on his hands and knees near a lamp-post at 3 a.m. Along came a policeman. The policeman bent over and tapped the inebriate on the shoulder.

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

The drunk continued to crawl around.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine," he drooled.

The policeman straightened up.

"Look here," he advised. "Why don't you stand up and look for your friend?"

The other shook his head.

"Afraid I'll miss him that way," he hiccupped. "He's a bit shorter than I am!"

THE following is taken from *Transatlantic*:—

The overwhelming majority of the young Japanese born in Hawaii are American patriots. The story is told of one of them who was informed that he had inherited some money in Japan and was directed to come for it. On inquiry he learned that this would mean he must renounce his American citizenship and swear allegiance to the emperor—and would then in all likelihood be drafted into the Japanese army. The notice had come in the official form of instructions from the emperor. The young man's grandfather had undoubtedly believed that the emperor was divine, and his father had probably been divided in his mind on this point. But the fully Americanized Japanese replied in three words that have become classic in Hawaii: "Dear Emp: Nix."

"YOUR mother," said the sergeant to the very awkward recruit, "is rather upset because you left home to become a soldier?"

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the awkward one.

"Well, just write and tell her not to fret any more," went on the sergeant. "Unless the war lasts fifty years you'll never be a soldier!"

THE bookie was getting very old and his prosperous days were over, so he had to seek refuge in the workhouse. But he had not been there very long before the betting fever got him and he commenced a "book."

A visitor asked him one day how he was getting along.

"Well, not too good," confided the bookie. "I'm not what I was at reckoning. I can do two to one in cigarettes, or four to one in an ounce of tobacco or tea; but when it comes to eleven to eight on a suet dumpling—well, I'm finished!"



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come weather

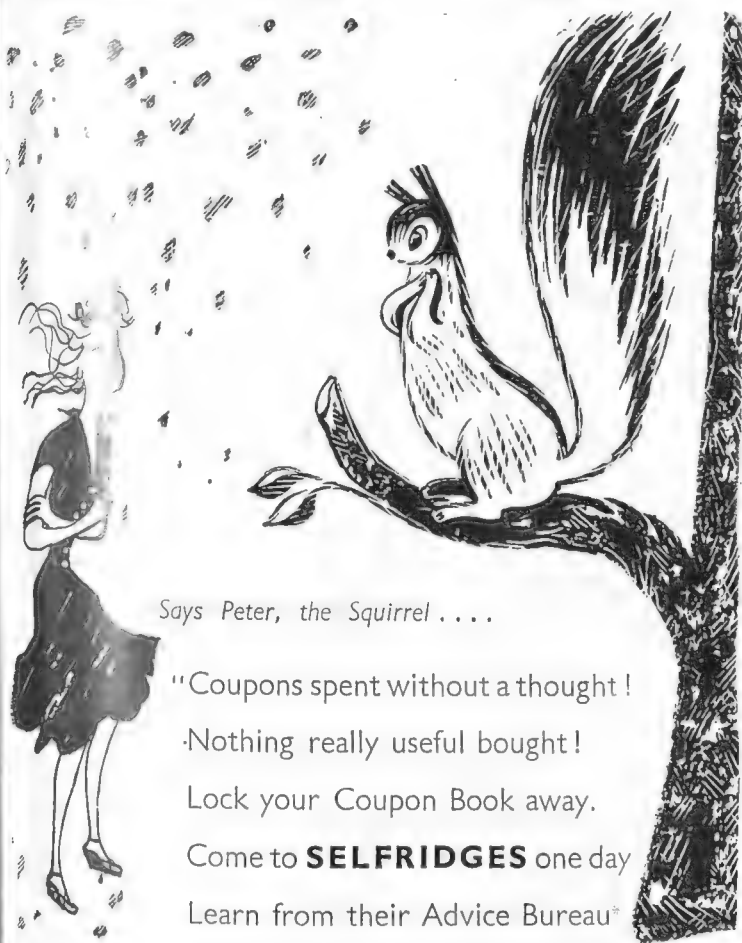
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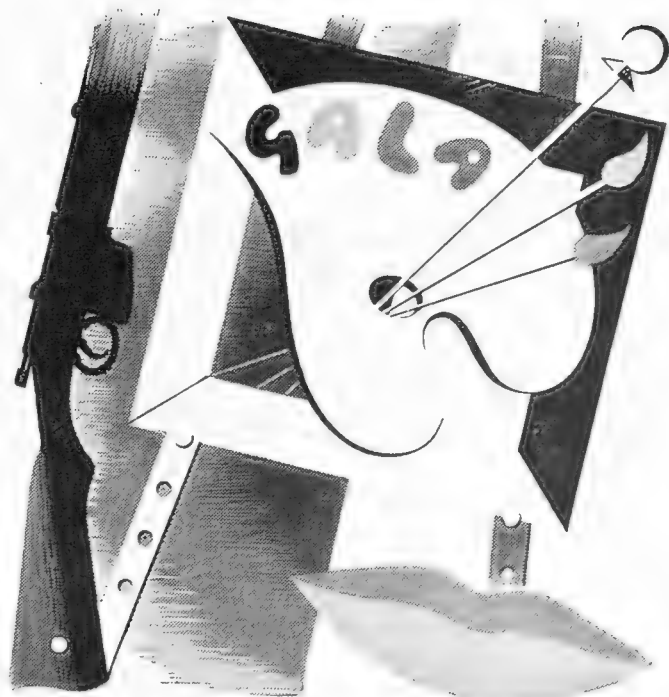
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Age and the Aeroplane

News of the world war took a back page position when it was announced a couple of weeks ago that someone had won the Distinguished Flying Cross at the age of sixty-eight. He is Wing Commander Lionel Cohen, already the holder of the D.S.O. and the M.C. It is a remarkable feat and it deserves special attention. It raises, moreover, the whole question of age and airmanship. Our ideas on this subject are changing with the times. Twenty years ago a man of twenty-five was held to be getting near the limit of his operational flying career. It was even held in those days that the flying of civil aircraft of the more complicated types demanded youth. Now we know that civil aircraft at any rate are better handled by older men who utilize their experience to increase the safety and certainty of their journeys. At the same time flying hours have been subject to an altered outlook. A thousand hours was at one time ripe experience for any pilot. Now there are a great many pilots with over 2,000 hours, and a fairly considerable number with over 4,000 hours' flying. There are special cases with astonishingly high records of hours flown. Captain H. H. Perry, for instance, celebrated not very long ago twenty-eight years of flying. He is fifty-one and has completed over 15,000 hours in the air. Obviously this kind of record is possible only where the pilot is continuously engaged on the regular air routes, but it does show what can be done.

In war flying it is likely that a bomber crew can be composed of older men than a fighter crew. The single-seat fighter pilot must be young not because a youthful brain is necessary, but because a youthful body is necessary to accept the loads that are put on it in combat. If it were possible to behead a fit young man and to graft on the head of an older one, the revolting and gruesome result would probably be a superlatively fine fighter pilot. Seriously though, we ought to congratulate Wing Commander Cohen. Let us hope that he is helping to break down the theory still held in some Service quarters that the older man should never take part in flying operations.



Dale, Bodmin

Miss Jean Batten at Bodmin

At the conclusion of the Bodmin Wings for Victory Week, Miss Jean Batten spoke in support of the National Savings campaign. This photograph was taken at the meeting and shows Major E. Hare, Chief Constable of Cornwall, and his wife, who is a sister of Lord Kindersley, with Miss Jean Batten and S/Ldr. Van Dyck, who presented a plaque and certificates to the borough

Log

It was good to see the reappearance of the official journal of the British Air Line Pilots' Association. Called *The Log* it is now edited by Captain D. A. Brice, and it contains a lot of useful matter. I was, personally, particularly glad to have the chance of reading the joint statement by the Association and the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire, my reason being that I had not previously been quite clear as to the differentiation between these two bodies. They are both concerned with the well-being, status and professional skill of flying personnel, but as I see it the Association is more concerned with the practical problems of remuneration and conditions of service, while G.A.P.A.N. (here is an instance where the otherwise objectionable habit of condensing titles to a few capital letters is almost forced upon one) is chiefly concerned with the wider issues and with charitable objects. Anyhow they both seem to be working together in a friendly way, so presumably their objects do not clash.

Another interesting little news item which I noticed in *The Log* concerned the presentation to Captain G. Rae of a Certificate of Commendation from the

board of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Captain Rae has been twice attacked while flying Mosquitos from England to Sweden. The first time his aircraft was damaged by cannon fire and the undercarriage hydraulic system knocked out. He eventually evaded the enemy and made a forced landing in Sweden. A few days later he was again attacked, but again made a good escape. Then there was a third occasion when he had an engine failure when half-way across the North Sea. The aircraft, says *The Log*, was "very heavily loaded," but he succeeded in flying back to base without further mishap. His radio officer, Mr. Payne, received the M.B.E. at the time Captain Rae was awarded the O.B.E.

Down to Grass

REUTER sent out a good story the other day when it related that tons of American grass seed were to be planted in Italy by the United States Army Air Forces in an attempt to control volcanic dust. Dust is bad stuff for aircraft and their engines. In the past it has usually been brought by means of filters, but it is obviously more logical to go to the source of the trouble and to try and lay the dust rather than to let it get about and then try and prevent it getting into the machinery. We have here a lesson in the natural cycle. If we neglect the soil the result is trouble not only in the matter of food but in many other indirect ways, including mechanical transport. It has always seemed to me a pity that we have had to come to the concrete runway in preference to the grass one, but I doubt if we shall ever go back to the grass runway, except for small, light aircraft and perhaps for helicopters. But the concrete runway is not so bad if it is completely surrounded by grassland. Even then there is a further stage in the process to be looked to. The grassland will not remain in good heart for long unless it is further surrounded, and at a greater distance, by trees. So the tree planting campaign is a thing that should receive support not only from agriculturalists, but also from aviators. To the aviator the tree tends to be a thing which one runs into. To the uninstructed layman it is a thing you cut down. Only to the educated—aviator or layman—is it a thing you encourage and find to be of the utmost value.

Haig

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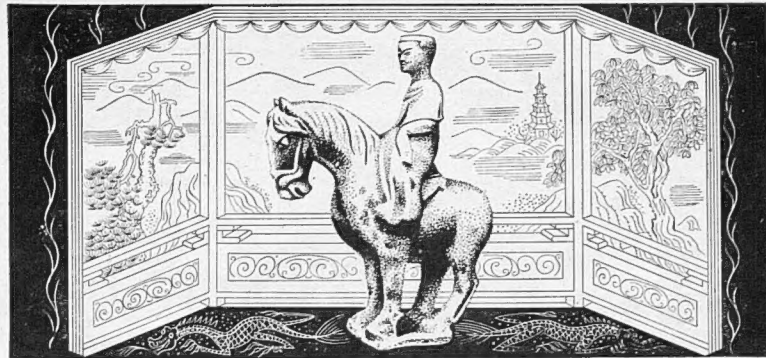


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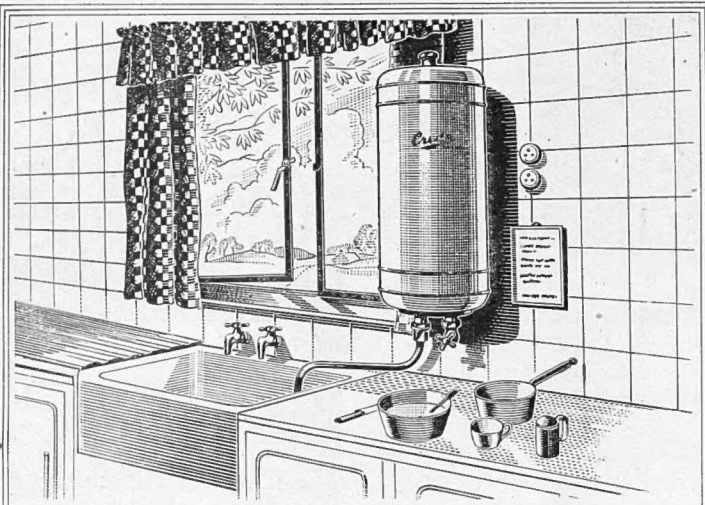


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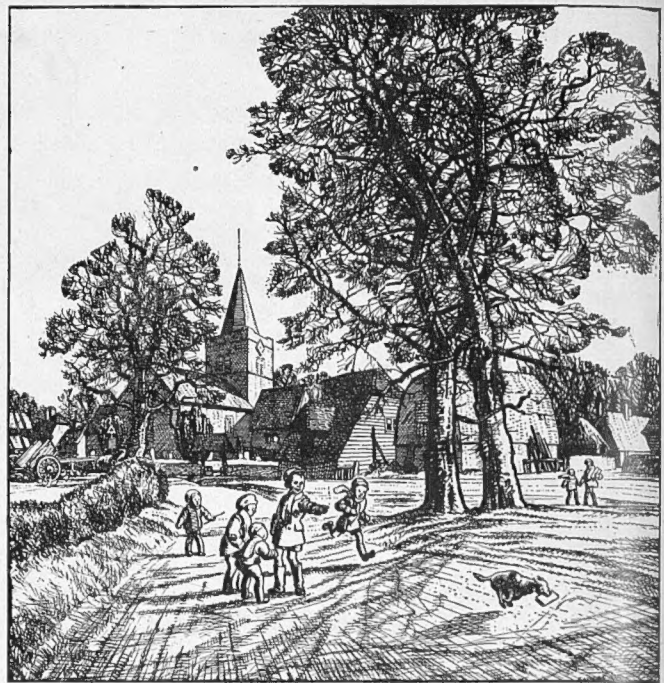


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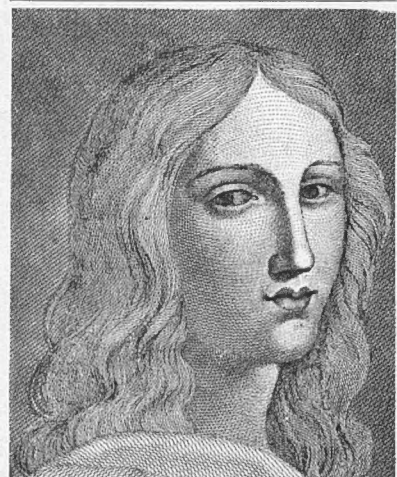
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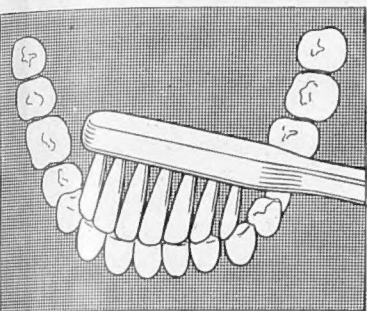


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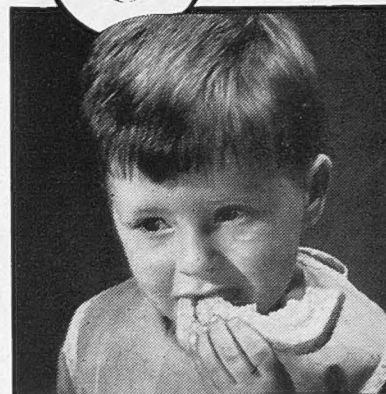


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